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WHOSE MOVE NOW?

THE good that a man does lives after him. When—and if—Mr. Hepburn leaves his job in the Bureau of Street Cleaning to assume larger responsibilities with the State Highway Department...

The challenge flung at the street-cleaning contractors cannot be ignored by ranking politicians now or in the future. Mr. Hepburn talks in figures. Figures are easily remembered.

Mr. Hepburn's manner and his method show how necessary it is to have neutrals in office. Gentlemen's agreements, friendship, political affiliations or social relationships, such as often hinder even well-intentioned officials, didn't serve to divert him after his sense of order and decency had been affronted by what he found in the records of the Department of Public Works.

THE LEAGUE AT WORK

IT WAS obvious from the outset that without practical machinery the covenant of the League of Nations was merely a proclamation of amiable principles. Fortunately, however, there are some energetic reconstructors who are well aware of the danger of such criticism and are prompt to forestall it.

Article XIV has begun to live. This clause provides that "the council shall submit to the members of the league for adoption plans for the establishment of a Court of International Justice." This tribunal shall be competent to hear disputes between the nations and may give an advisory opinion to the council or assembly of the league.

This is the sort of hustling which should immensely strengthen the cause of the league in America. Facts are now supporting faith. That we are privileged beyond other nations to profit by the transmutation of dreams into realities is surely an ironical reward for our delinquency.

LAST SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

THE National American Woman Suffrage Association hails death with glee. Not since the extinction of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1865 has any reform organization in this country anticipated its imminent passing so cheerfully.

The "cause" is dying because it is virtually won. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt predicts that New Mexico and Oklahoma will ratify the suffrage amendment before the convention closes. The assent of but three states will then be necessary to complete the necessary three-quarters of the Union.

The future holds problems utterly different in nature from those which such undaunted champions of political justice as Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Doctor Shaw and Mrs. Catt had to face.

The merger of the historic National Association with the National League of Women Voters, which is to open its first convention today, is suggested. The prospect of harmony in the seasons is dubious. Party feeling, legitimate and inevitable consequence of the balm of franchise, has become piquantly assertive.

The situation recalls the youth of the nation. The first President was amazed at the difficulty of presiding over a cabinet of variegated political complexities. The constitution makers airily imagined that the government could be peacefully headed by a President and Vice President of contrasting political shading.

There is no reason to believe that the women will differ in political conduct from their male ancestors. It is healthier for the nation for the League of Women Voters to be a bit tempestuous than blandly colorless.

But the agurics of normal, lively strife does not detract a whit from the splendor of the almost accomplished

emancipation. The chapter of liberty which the women of America have written will soon be accepted among the commonplaces of established civilized freedom. We are apt at times to forget ideals which have been attained—the abolition of imprisonment for debt, of the slave trade, of slavery.

What the women have wrought is akin in spirit to these reforms. That is why this fifty-first convention of suffragists is distinguished in glory.

INDUSTRY'S STAKE IN HIGHER EDUCATION

One Way to Help the University is to Interest Big Business in What It is Doing

CONSIDERATION of the importance of providing a proper honorarium for Provost Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, when he retires next June should occupy the minds of the friends of the institution along with many larger questions of future policy to be carried out by his successor.

Provost Smith should be taken care of by the University. He has devoted his life to the work of one of the poorest paid professions in the country. The value of the services that he has rendered to the world cannot be measured by dollars. We say the world because the University is not merely a local institution. It has attracted to it between two and three hundred students every year from foreign countries as well as other hundreds from other states than Pennsylvania.

The man who has directed its scholastic functions and grown old in the harness must not be cast aside like a worn-out machine. The remaining years of the life of Provost Smith—and every one hopes that they may be many—can be made pleasant for him and profitable to the community if the trustees pay to him dividends on that which he has contributed to its maintenance in the way of devoted service during more than a generation. It is unthinkable that they will not do this.

But the trustees must keep their eyes on the future and prepare for the work that is to be done. An example of one way by which they can serve the University now and qualify themselves to give better service to it in the coming years is afforded by what happened at Brown University yesterday.

This prosperous Rhode Island college is doing its best to increase its endowment by \$3,000,000. In order to get the benefit of the advice of the leading men of the state on the best way to increase the usefulness of the institution to its constituency, a dinner was given yesterday to 150 distinguished men living within its territory. Formal speeches were made by three of them and there was an informal discussion afterward. It is certain that the trustees and faculty know more today about the attitude of these men toward higher education than they knew yesterday, for they have taken the college out of its cloistered seclusion and brought it into contact with the currents of contemporary thinking.

The University of Pennsylvania, in spite of its magnificent work and in spite of its great growth in the last twenty-five years, has been handicapped because of the failure to make a concerted and deliberate effort to interest in it all the men controlling the great industries in this commonwealth. Its endowment is inadequate. It has to look to the state treasury every two years for an appropriation to assist it in meeting its annual deficit.

There is wealth enough here to free the University from the need of appealing to politicians who control the Legislature biennially and to spend it so amply that the threat of cutting off its income can never be made. And there are other than political reasons for an adequate endowment. The money is needed to enable the University to carry on its work in all departments, whether they be affected by a relation to politics, to art or science or literature.

The first step toward articulating the life of the University with the life of the commonwealth would be taken if a meeting of professional and industrial leaders connected with its business life should be invited to a dinner in one of the buildings on the campus to discuss its future in connection with the selection of a new president.

Governor Spruill and Mayor Moore should be among the guests. Others should be men like John Wanamaker and Ellis Gimbel, E. T. Stotesbury and John Mason, L. L. Rue and Charles S. Calwell, merchants and bankers; Samuel Vauclain, of Baldwin's; Joseph McCall, of the Philadelphia Electric Company; Samuel T. Bodine, of the United Gas Improvement Company; J. Howell Cummings, of the John B. Stetson Company; Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, are others whose names will occur to any one making out a list of the kind of guests to be invited. Then Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and E. H. Gary, Percival Roberts, Jr., and Thomas Morrison, of the United States Steel Corporation, who have increased their wealth because of the productivity of Pennsylvania, ought to be included. And the committee in charge should not forget men like T. De Witt Cuyler, S. D. Warriner, A. C. Dinkey and W. W. Atterbury.

It is not necessary to particularize further. This column could be filled with the names of men who, whether they know it or not, are vitally interested in the unshackling of the University and in equipping it so that it can expand to meet the growing needs of the future.

On the merely technical side it would be a good investment for these men to provide for the training of experts needed in their business. In science, for example, a representative of the du Ponts told a congressional committee the other day that it was impossible to get chemists enough to do the work which they wanted done. The war has demonstrated to manufacturers the value of both chemists and physicists in industry. But we can't get these men unless the colleges are prepared to train them.

On the selfish side, it is of the first importance that the salt of sanity in economic thinking be preserved in adequately endowed colleges where the members of the faculties are not constantly ranking under a sense of injustice when they see mere money grubbers living in comfort while they have barely enough to eat. The seeds of radicalism germinate in the soil of injustice. An intelligent

and broad-minded self-interest should impel the wealth of the country to keep pure the sources of the springs at which the youth get their inspiration.

But it is not necessary to ask any one for money just now. It will be enough for a beginning to make an attempt to interest the ablest men of the commonwealth in the future of its greatest educational institution and to trust to their patriotism for the rest.

LANSING AND THE PRESIDENT

PUBLICATION today of the correspondence between President Wilson and Secretary Lansing culminating in the resignation of the head of the Department of State comes as a distinct shock to the people of the country and forms a disturbing influence which may have far-reaching results and reactions of greatest importance.

The five letters are bound to become historic. They tell as much between the lines as by what they actually state, amazing as the text of the correspondence is. They show a bitter, irascible, unreasonable and almost malevolent tone and feeling on the part of the President which will raise grave doubts of the power of judgment he is now able to exercise. They bespeak the wormwood and gall of the isolated, hermitic but imperious mind fettered and cramped by physical limitations. On the other hand they show a patience and loyalty on the part of the now reviled secretary which ought to have appealed to any but the most tyrannical egotist.

This loyalty has been rewarded by the charge of seeking to usurp the presidential functions during the illness and incapacity of the President!

Mr. Lansing very properly denies that there was any usurpation, either intended or accomplished. He and the other members of the cabinet merely met together and consulted in order to keep the machinery of the executive departments moving.

He has not seen the President since he was taken ill in October. There is every reason to believe that the President was absolutely incapacitated for many weeks. But the government had to go on.

Reports from Washington at the time indicated that Secretary Tumulty, during the first weeks of the illness, was really acting as President. If these reports are correct, Mr. Tumulty is a worse offender than Mr. Lansing and his associates in the cabinet, who arranged to consult together about the performance of their routine functions.

The real essence of Mr. Lansing plainly is that he dared to disagree with the President and had the audacity to persist in his opinions after the President had declined to accept them. It is an offense of which Mr. Lansing may be proud, for it grows out of the theory that the business of an adviser is to advise, and that a peace commission, consisting of four dummies, who would act only when the fifth pulled the strings, was not fulfilling its proper functions.

He goes out of office humiliated as far as it is in the power of the President to humiliate him. But in the process there has been a revelation of the mind and temper of Mr. Wilson which will not surprise those who have followed his career from the time he became the head of Princeton University till the present.

The time for Mr. Lansing to have resigned from the State Department was in the autumn of 1918, when Colonel House was sent to Europe by the President to represent him in the preliminary armistice negotiations.

It was evident then that Mr. Lansing did not have the confidence of the President, and that, instead of using the instruments established by law for conducting foreign negotiations Mr. Wilson preferred a private confidential agent with no legal status whatsoever.

If the secretary of state had resigned then he would have commanded the respect that is due to a man who declines to consent to be used as a doormat.

But Mr. Lansing suppressed his personal feelings and pocketed his pride and remained to be kicked out of office on the most frivolous pretext ever set forth by an executive officer for dismissing a subordinate.

He was loyal to the cause of peace and preferred to submit to the humiliations which began with the original dispatch of Colonel House to Europe and continued throughout the months when he was in Paris himself as one of the peace commissioners rather than exhibit to the world that there was serious discord between the President and his chief official adviser in foreign affairs.

Public sympathy undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Lansing, and he will get it, while the President, by his unjustifiable spleen and petty temper, will shrink accordingly in the estimation of all just men and women.

Isn't life the dullest thing? Just as soon as we get through with grip the railroads begin to itch.

Railroad men are bound to discover that the public is vitally interested in the maintenance of ways and the necessity for keeping them open.

A coal-wagon driver has just been sent to prison for ten days for blocking trolley traffic. Beautiful Snow, however, is still at large.

Fair-price commission psychology, as we understand it, is to materialize a conscience through the medium of publicity.

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By ROY HELTON

Germantown Road

I DOUBT if anywhere in America runs a more dramatic stretch of paved ground than Germantown road between Queen Lane and Center Square. For this old Colonial highway is not important merely as the street of Gilbert Stuart, Louis Alcott and George Washington, but it is dynamic and vibrant today with a struggle more important than a hundred pitched battles, and just as thrilling to gaze at.

Of all the old-fashioned sections of America, this one is, perhaps, the last that preserves unimpaired all of its fighting spirit. Elsewhere, as in lower New York or downtown Philadelphia, the evictment of the past has been achieved without any memorable struggle. Old families have declined and old homesteads been reluctantly but firmly abandoned before the relentless advances of war-housed tenement.

In Germantown this is not true. The great houses of King George's time are still the great houses of Woodrow Wilson's time. Their old brown chimney pots are still smoking, their silver knockers still rattling at the touch of delicate hands; the old clean daintiness of the past is still starchy in the point-lace behind those violet windows; and yet, up and down by those tranquil doors, charge and scream and grind and groan the procession of motortrucks and saffron trolley cars, and when the wind comes up briskly from the southward the tall chimneys of Midvale lead the tang of their hot breath to the cool Colonial air.

AS ONE comes on Main street up Queen Lane he is conscious at once of the clash of warring traditions. All about one on each side of the little street stand the quiet doorways of a country town; tall trees rise everywhere, half hiding, even in midwinter, the broken lines of yellow chimneys and the broad gray, rough-cast of old walls veined with ivy. Back of the houses are glimpses of long yards with evergreen, spikes of yucca sharp above the snow and little straw stacks piled up about precious biennials. The milkman drives by with a lively jingle of sleigh-bells, and as two neighbors come out to look at the weather there is hearty talking across the street from doorway to doorway.

Ahead of me looms up the old Wister house at the end of the lane. On the left looms Trinity Church, with its graceful white wooden spire and its calm beigned graveyard where a score of small American flags flutter over the bodies of old soldiers. Across the street extend the long signs of a brisk garage, and on the boarding beside it the posters of a nearby theatre, with pleasing detail of a fashion show on living models—bathing suits, laces, lingerie.

All this so close to the house of John Watson could not bring up a smile. "The ladies," says that excellent chronicler, writing of the Cape May of 1840 "the ladies at appointed hours go into the surf, in which times gentlemen do not walk on the banks. The ladies wear flannel and other woolen dresses—none go out above half their depth."

THE shops and picture shows of Germantown avenue seem invested with a peculiar garishness, as though conscious of the struggle that lies before them. Elsewhere their reign is unchallenged; here they seem spurred to the utmost extremity of glitter and flash.

At the corner of Chelton avenue and Main street the present and the past seem to have locked arms in their death grips. It is a tumultuous crossing prodigal of gilt letters and resounding with the crash of the traffic and the high calls of the new-born. But as one passes there to take stock of it all he comes to realize that much of this pinhead of flaming signs will peel off in a little while—the permanent things in Germantown are still those fine old houses up and down Main street, and you can bet they know it.

ACROSS Chelton avenue is one plot of ground where I supposed the past was triumphant—the broad, pleasant, tree-grown acres of Center Square, that rise in a gentle slope to the museum of the Site and Relic Society. Three little grammar-school girls were tripping ahead of me up the path, and I followed them into the building. It was a certain place, cragged to the doors with an immense variety of curious old-fashioned things. The long, galleried hall has in itself a charm and beauty that is almost wholly absent from the exhibits it houses. But the place has atmosphere. It seems to mean business. When I went in the caretaker gave me a hasty greeting and related to the registrar. I set my name down. The three little girls also desired to set their names down, but the pen was brushed from their fingers. "We don't register children here!" cried the old gentleman.

At that I began to perceive that a Rite had been performed by my irreverent hands. I regretted that I had so abominably scratched my name, for I am afraid that posterity will never find me there. As I walked around the aisles, gazed into the packed cases of relics and heard all the while the breathless comments of the little girls from the grammar school, I began to understand something of the spirit of old Germantown, of its passionate and complete devotion to the things of the days gone by.

I paused to read an entertaining old poster of Philosophical Experiments With explanations adapted to the capacity of a BOY.

A SMALL CANNON will be loaded with WATER and fired off with an ICICLE. This entertainment will conclude with a beautiful Balloon Ascension with net and car attached.

I had hardly turned from this poster to another one advertising The Great Athletic Troupe.

Professor Hootie with his darling feats on the Velocipede, the Champion of the World, when suddenly I became conscious of the fact that one of the little grammar school girls was repeating over and over again in searching, awe-struck whispers the name of Benjamin Chew!

Three small heads crowded together over the breath-fogged glass, while three pairs of small, rosy lips parted in simultaneous ecstasies, and then, a moment later: "Oh, girls! Come here, quick! John Wister!" So they flung on from case to case, with quaint awed comment and dainty fatters of surprise: "We must see this in our brains! Tell the teacher," or "Oh, look! George Washington once stood on that stone!"

Not being a native of the Twenty-second ward, I am prepared to say frankly that my emotional outbursts were milder than those of the little girls and that some of the exhibits hardly stirred me at all. I must confess, for instance, that Nicotina 172, a pair of Glass Sticks used by Martha Marple in 1856 to turn the fingers of Buckskin Glove, left me rather puzzled. I was ignorant enough never to have heard of that historic glove turning. I wish there had been more about it—whose the gloves were and why she turned them—but I suppose if I had been born in Germantown these questions would never puzzle me, for Germantown, as the little girls showed me, is permeated with the aroma of the past.

First or last, the farmers will settle the railroad strike.

SOME VALENTINE!



FROM DAY TO DAY

THE farmers of the country met together in Washington the other day and resolved that the cities of the land must cease from luring or they would starve.

"Above all, they said 'Work or starve.' For, said they, if it is all work and no play on the farms and all play and no work in the cities, soon the only vating that will be done will be done in the country."

"I'll be dinged," says the farmer, "if I will work fourteen hours a day to feed people who work only six!"

THERE is a country-against-city issue in these United States, and it is a sharp one. It showed itself when the farmer snote the daylight-saving law last fall; snote it so hard that even the President's veto was overridden.

The lure of a long evening to play in was one lure too many for the cities, thought the farmer. "If men in town may quit work at what is really 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where will our hired man go, especially if by staying with us he has to begin work at what is really 3 o'clock in the morning with this setback clock?"

So the farmer lopped off the city man's long evening for play. And the cities now are likely to have one time in summer while the country has another, showing the issue between the two.

MILITARY training is another issue between city and country. It is not a question of East against West or North against South, but of farmer against urban dweller. And it is not that the farmer is a pacifist and the urban dweller a mild militarist.

The farmer is not thinking of principles. He is thinking of his hired man and his boy. We say, "The war was a great education for the boys who survived it."

"They saw the world." "They had their minds opened." "The farmer is not so much against war as war as he is against the kind of education that opens his boy's mind to how much more fun there is in the city than in the country."

War makes the hired-man problem ten times more difficult than it is. So, thinks the farmer, will military training. And so in Congress he crushed President Wilson again just as he did on daylight-saving.

City and Country Clash Issues Are Plenty Daylight Saving and War Why Boys Leave the Farm Farmers and Labor Unions Short Hours Hit Crops

It is not that his sympathies go out to the capitalist. But as he sees it men must work in the cities in order that men may work on the farms.

You can't have a thirty-hour week in the cities and a sixty-hour week on the farms.

If you do, the farmer soon won't have any hired man.

THE short-hour day is one of the lures of the city. It is all very well, says the farmer, to say that a man can do as much work in the factories in six hours as in eight.

He can't on the farms. Better let him work eight hours in factories even if in the last two he accomplishes nothing, for if you make it a six-hour day there will be no one to work the farms and you will all starve.

ANOTHER lure of the city is high wages. The farmer wants to see every man gain what he can.

But you can't consider wages in the city apart from wages on the farm. Make wages higher in the factories, and either the farm stops or you pay more and more for your dinner.

THUS the farmers confront Mr. Gompers at every turn. There is competition between the country and the city and the two symbolize that competition.

The cities bid, and bid effectively, for the young men of the farms. If Mr. Gompers should have his way and cut the working week for union labor to forty hours, that would be a new, a formidable bid, which the farmers will fight just as they fought the competition under the daylight saving of the long, idle evening in the city against the long, laborious morning on the farm, and just as they resisted exposure of the farm boy to the city's lure under military training.

'One Girl's View of Another'

YOU sit beside me in the car And gaze into my book. I try to guess at what you are With one brief searching look.

The perfume that you use is strong: Like cinnamon it smells. I wonder—are your morals wrong? Poor taste—your make-up spells.

The hour's late—it's nearly twelve. But you seem quite at ease, Though short-hand books, like on a shelf, Lie closed upon your knees.

It looks as though from school you come, But isn't it too late? I'm sure you should'er now be home Unless you had a date.

Your features are not one bit coarse. But oh, you've spoiled your face! Some day you'll suffer with remorse For running at your pace.

Your disposition may be sweet, But how can one know that? Your whole appearance isn't neat From low shoes to large hat.

You size me up with scornfulness; You think that I'm a freak. I feel your gaze first on my dress, And then on my pale cheek.

You have your thoughts about me, too: You think that I am "dead"; But in return I pity you— You have an empty head.

LILLIAN BERDOW.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. Who is the new secretary of the interior? 2. What is the southernmost state that has approved the suffrage amendment? 3. What is the largest island in the Philippines? 4. Who is governor of the Virgin Islands of the United States? 5. What was the original constitutional provision of electing presidents which prevailed up to 1804? 6. What is a pavena? 7. Who was the famous rich man of antiquity? 8. Who wrote the music of "The Swanee River"? 9. What is meant by a "Carthaginian peace"? 10. Where was Joan of Arc born? Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. Robert Underwood Johnson has been appointed ambassador to Italy. 2. Thomas A. Edison is seventy-three years old. 3. Cerebral thrombosis is a blood clot on the brain. 4. The Roman empire attained its greatest extent under Trajan, who ruled from 98 to 117 A. D. 5. Trebizond is a seaport on the southern shore of the Black sea. 6. The honor of inventing the telescope is ascribed to Johannes Lippershey, of Middelburg, Netherlands. He applied for a patent for his device in 1608. 7. Helical is the word descriptive of the first or setting of a star when it rises emerges from the sun's rays and becomes visible before sunrise or is last visible after sunset before being lost in the sun's rays. 8. Texas was an independent republic from 1836 to 1845. 9. The real name of Gaby Nevrahl, she, however, claimed that it was Gabrielle des Lovers. 10. Seven bells on shipboard indicate half-past three, half-past seven and half-past eleven.